



# The Boyte & Slave of Fortune.

Wherin may be seen that mo-  
ney is not the only caule of mil-  
chele and vnfortunate endes:  
but a necessary mean to  
mayntayne a bee-  
luous quiet  
lyfe.

Treated in a Dialogue be-  
twene man and  
money.

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tennium.

## The Prologe.



Mynt Paule Doctor of veritie, sayeth that Auarice is the Roote and begynnynge of all euylles : Al gates the men of this tyme present, be thereto much enclined. For of all Estates fro the hyghest vnto the lowest, all geue they study vnto Auarice, and euery one desyreth to haue golde and syluer : and for to haue the same they trauaile nyght and daye, by water and by lande, thynkynge therein to fynde quietnes and rest, whiche shal neuer be : For in ryches is neuer rest. The more that a man hath thereof the more he desyreth. For Auarice of the owne nature is insatiabable, accordyng to the saying of the Sage in the first Chapter of Ecclesiastes. The couetous man is neuer satisfied. And Horace the Poete sayeth that the Couetous man is alwayes anhungred. And S. Jerome sayeth that the looue of worldly goodes is insatiabable. And Boece in his thyrde booke of Consolacion sayeth that if the man whiche is avaricious had all the worlde in his domination, he woulde not be content : for euer he woulde desyre to haue worldly goodes more and more, and principally money, whiche neuer shoulde be norous vnto man wer not his couetise, whiche euer brenneth mans harte : For God hath made the syluer as well as other thynges for the seruice of man, vnto whome he hath made all thing subiect. But whan the man letteth his appetite, and desyreth to get money otherwyse than by ryght and conscience, that may be called auarice whiche hath dominion vpon the man aboue reason : and so it appeareth that the whiche shoulde be maystres is the seruaunt, and she that shoulde be subiecte, is the ladye, whiche is great byndnes in man.

Thus is money maystres of the man, and man to money is subiecte, and is therewith so abused, that he doeth more therfore than for his maker, or for the health of his soule : O faulte of wisdom, o fault of reason, O faulte couetise thou art cause of the perdition of many men, thou art cause that infinite euyls be dayly committed in this mortall worlde. And now to shew more playnly that men be enclined to gather money, and consequently be subiecte to the same, I haue put here in wytyng a question made betwene Man and Money, by maner of a Disputacion,

whiche vary in theyr wordes the one agaynst the other : For

money woulde shewe his great power, and  
man speaketh agaynst hym.

But after great

disputa-

cion the man abyrdeth vanquished because of his  
couetous mynde, confessing that it is a  
great felicity to haue money  
in posselli-

on:

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(.)

Money beginneth.



All mankynde despyrous of honour,  
That woulde of worldly welth haue iouysaunce,  
I am hyther to me that am of wurthy valour:  
I am the prince perelesse in puissance,  
My name is Money, that haue in gouernance  
All wurthy saytes to lose or els to hynde:  
Eche man requyrez to haue myne acquayntaunce,  
For good Fortune by my frendship they fynde.

No lord there is, lady, nor choise of kynde,  
What for my power and wyse circumspection,  
That they ne beare to me a louyng mynde,  
And gladly woulde lyue vnder my protection:  
What man of hym selfe by myght or wise inspection,  
Without my mean can worke a wurthy dedde:  
None doubtles, for I set all in good direccion:  
Who lacketh money is not lyke to speede.

Man aunswereth.

With boasting wordes thyselfe how doest thou laude,  
Presumpcion in thee appereth to be great:  
Thou art false money, full of decept and fraude.  
In vauncyng wordes is set thy full conceyte,  
Of cursednes thou arte the thyfse receyt:  
I am the man that shall it prooue anon,  
Agaynst thy pryde so shall I lay a bayte,  
And cast thee furth a bone to pyke vpon.

In all the lawes and bookes many one  
I fynde how thou art roote of all mischief,  
Through thee full many a wyght hath misgone:  
For vnto man thou arte so dere and lyef,  
That he becommeth a robber, and a thyf,  
For thee forsakyng God and all goodnes,  
And hanged is at last for thee with great repyef:  
This wage he winneth by thy wurtynnes.

Money.

Man I perceyue thou speakest without thy booke,  
But I shall answer to thy foolshynes:  
Thy wit is nought, it standeth all a roke,  
Thy tounge is racle, thy wit is recheles.

All.

Thus

Thus to reporte of me such wickednesse  
That neuer knowinglye against the dyd ne spake  
Wyth me to dispute thy mynde is great (I gesse)  
Speke what thou wilt, and answere shall I make.

Unto my faite good hede if thou do take  
Who lacketh me he liueth not easely,  
Displeasure and thought doth bring hym vnto wraak  
And ploungeth his herte full ofte in fantasy:  
Marchandise he seeth to sell, and fayne woulde bye  
But I am awaye that euer do the dede.  
Than synketh his thought in depe melancoly  
Distresse and dolour doth cause hys herte to blede.

Man.

**T**hou spekest ynough but holde me yet excused  
Thy wordes to beleue, for al thyne appetite  
On leasyng is set, that man were well abused  
That woulde for thy host, and wordes whyte  
Haue in the fauour, loue, or elles delite:  
For who so lyst to liue at libertie  
And of displeasure and trouble woulde be quyte  
Ought as fro a serpent fro thy face to flee

All wyckednes is wrought by meane of the  
As Robberies, rapine, vsury, and strife  
With fraude, flattery, disceyte and subtiltie  
Brawlynge and barat, wyth all misordered lyfe:  
Thou raylest debate betwyxt the man and wyfe  
Thou causest man oft to sweere bloud, armes, and braynes  
And sodainly at last he dieth vpon a knyfe  
All for thy loue, this is a goodly gaynes.

Woney.

**T**hou spekest not well, I tell the man agayne,  
For who that hath me is honoured as a lorde,  
A knaue can I make for nede a Capitaine  
The great man shall lowte (and neuer to remorde)  
Unto the byllaine, the wyfe man shall accorde  
Lowely to the foole, his bonet to auale  
Wyth mayster Doctor in mouth at euery worde  
And knee to grounde to boote hym of hys bale.

But

The Bayte and Snare of Fortune.

But he that lacketh my frendshipp in his male  
Had he the strength of Samson in his tyme,  
The tounge of Tully for to tell his tale,  
And Salomons wit liuyng without cryme,  
Yet for he hath no help nor succour by me  
The people in play shall poynt hym with the finger  
Loe there goeth a sempseypher in alousime,  
There goeth a wretch, a foole, and a barat bringer.

Man.

Wer it not that I haue intellercion  
Reason and wisdom to know what is what;  
Thy foolysch presumption and hardy obieccion  
woulde bryng me in doubte what for this or that;  
Whether I shoulde beleue thy wordes or nat;  
By iust probacion yet trust I for to fynde  
Good matter ynough thy boastyng and barat  
Clerely to confounde, and make thy reason blynde.

Full ofte I thynke and muse in my mynde  
Upon thy sayte thou cursed creature,  
Encombred thou hast full many of mankynde,  
As well is founden written in Scripture:  
Sueke fantasie men haue vnto thy false fygure  
And so despyre thy cursed acquaintaunce  
That the poore soule may seeke his aduenture,  
So doest thou draw them to the dyuelles daunce.

Honey.

Be styl man I say, for I haue lytel Joye  
Thus to here thee Jangle as he that taketh none hed  
Who buylded London that named was netwe Troye  
But I puylant peny, that eche man cloth and fede  
Euer groweth grace out of my gromel sede  
Yorke, Lyncolne, Lynne, Leycestre, Lychfelde, and Lancastre  
I buylded Bristow, Bremingam and Barwyk vpon twede  
Duresme Darby, Dorcestre, Douer, and Dancastre.

Wyndchestre, Walden, wocestre, ware, warwyk and Westchestre  
Cambygge, Carlepyll, Couentre, Calais, and Canterbury  
Bathe, Boston, Bedforde, Bokingham, Roeston, and Rochestre  
Bedla, Manchestre, Malmesbury, Stawinforde, and Lukesbury  
A.iii. South

The Bayte and Snare of fortune.

Southampton, Sandwyche, Sudbury, saynt Albons, and Salebury  
Northampton, Newark, Notingham, New Castel vpon Tyne  
Greate cause may I haue, for to be glad and mery  
Sith these and thousandes mo be made by me and myne.

Man.

**T**O heare thy wordes it is a werines  
For neuer was noble Citie made by thee,  
But by the occasion of thy curldnesse  
Hath bene destroyed ful many a fayre Citie,  
Howbeit mankynde by great subtiltee  
By diligent labour and politike prudence  
Thorough out the worlde in euery countrey  
Hath made many Cities and townes of excellence.

Not by thy meane, but by experience  
Of hys pregnant wysedome in eche operacion,  
He made and forged thee by hygge and quycke sciences  
Of earth that is matter most vile in reputacion:  
Thou givest to thy selfe a greate collaudacion  
As profitable to man, which is eche worde vnttrue.  
Full many a fayre Citie to vtter consumacion  
By the hath ben brought, that doest al barat brewe.

Honey.

**O** Reatly hast thou erred as man not well aduised  
Me thus to rebuke, and vtterly dispise,  
Ful litel reason is in thy hed compassed  
Me thus to reprove, it is no gentil guyse.  
Greate lordes and ladies that be both good and wyse  
And al degrees haue me in loue and fauour  
And gladly a meane woulde fynde and deuise  
My kynde acquaintance to purchase euery houre.

Thou knowest howe god the hygh prothoplasimatoz  
Of erth hath formed man after hys owne ymage,  
Of al the worlde he made him gouernoure  
And after that, I wyll not kepe in cage  
Howe man made me wyth crosse and crowned visage  
Out of the erthe whereof hym selfe he came,  
Why shoulde man be contrary to me in hys courage  
Sith he came of the erth and I came of the same.

Man.

**A**S in this cause thou sayest me trouth in dede,  
 God hath made man of erth ayle substance  
 This do I beleue as parcel of my crede  
 But than god gaue him soule made to his owne semblance:  
 wyth many faire giftes he dyd hym than aduaunce  
 Endowed him with vertue, grace, wysdome, and reason,  
 To order him and his, and do his obseruance  
 Vnto god bys maker, whan tyme requirerth and season.

A thinge vnreasonable art thou not worth two peason  
 Vnworthy to be compred of godes high creacion  
 But man hymselfe the made, whan grace was with him geason,  
 As nought out of nought, by cursed instigation  
 Of the subtil Sathanas that gaue him informacion:  
 Than welth, grace and goodnesse their rounnes gan to resignen,  
 Thy pride amonges Princes toke such a domination  
 That many royal royalines ben brought vnto ruine,

Money.

**T**hou doest great wronge so strongly me to blame,  
 That god hath made man of the.iiii. Elementes  
 To serue hym as his lord, I fully graunt the same,  
 In Genesis wryten the matier emident is:  
 And man hath made me (what nede these argumentes)  
 In semblable wyse to serue him at his nede,  
 Luyng by reason and as conuenient is  
 Preseruyng bys soule from vice in worde and dede.

Whan god formed man (thy selfe thou mayst it rede)  
 He gaue him frewill, that he in all goodnes  
 Myght make here in erth his profit and bys spede  
 Of me and all other creatures more and lesse:  
 Syth man hath reason, and will of his lightnes  
 Misuse me, putting bys soule in ieopardy,  
 Should I be blamed for bys vnstablenes  
 No god forbed, there is no reason why:

Man.

**B**E styll false money, and vnderstande my saydes  
 For cursed art thou, and made all in dyspette.

### The Baite and Snare of Fortune.

Of reason, of ryght, decrees, and all good lawes :  
For after that man had made the for delite  
The golden worlde farthwyth was quenched quite,  
What tyme al toye was to the people rise  
No crosse noz coyne of the not worth a myte  
Had they that tyme, and ledde a mery lyfe.

They? Marchandise they gaue man chyldre and wyfe  
One thyng for an other by way of Innocence,  
Al riches was commune without barae or strife  
Tresours men hated as deth or pestilence:  
Ful toyously they lyued wyth out concupiscence  
Of the, that art now the causer of all byre.  
Thy cursed coyne and inconuenience  
So byreneth inennes hertes wyth fyre of auarice.

### Money.

**T**hy wordes as Japes ought well to be recompted  
For by speche I se thou wouldest lasteyne  
That one man than, an other not surmounted:  
It is not trouth, for it apperith plaine  
Howe some were subiectes, and some wer soneraigne,  
Recorde I take in the olde testament  
Of Nembroth the great, as kyng and Capitaine  
That had greate people to hym obedient.

Wherfore I siluer, as thinge expedient  
Was sought out and coyned, mankynde to soeure  
None Emperoure there is, King, Duke, ne Regent  
But I must byholde his dignitie and honoure :  
Who maynteyneth Justyce but myne excellent powere :  
Who ponysheth mysdoers that doe the poer oppresse,  
Who wageth the seruant who payeth the souldour,  
But I paystant peny that doth all wronges redresse.

### Man.

**N**ay leaue out redres, and say, that do all wrong,  
For when truth is tried that wil be the conclusion.  
Is Justice doen by money: for shame stop thy tong,  
Such wurdes to pronounce it is a great abusion :  
Nay Justice by money is brought to clere confusion.  
But noble wyle men that reason haue in store

with



with connyng and conscience, and cast for no collusion,  
By these is Justice exalted evermore.

But by false mean these depe men in loze,  
Have oft a crossed cloude cast afore theyr syght,  
That neuer a true letter wytten them before  
Can be vnderstand, so stopped is the lyght:  
The poore man hath his matter made wrong out of the ryght,  
And therbypon is geuen false iudgement:  
Thus iustice by thee reuerced lyeth vpright,  
And law depe in the dyke is dryuen downe and drent.

¶ Honey.

As for an answer, I say vnto thee man:  
Parte of thy wordes be true, I doe consent,  
Saying that the lawes be ended now and than  
By great learned men of wise entendment.  
But who so euer before them doth present  
His righteous matter without my help in hande,  
His case by so downe is cast incontinent:  
The grounde therof they can not vnderstande.

But he that hath treasure, golde, syluer, house and lande,  
He shall bee obeyed as lord with young and olde,  
That man may leade the worlde well in a bande:  
For eche man to him geueth, and sayth, good mayster holde.  
Who so hath De quibus, hath pleasures manyfoll  
Hym nedeth not to care for chyldren ne for wyfe,  
For trouble or vexacion, for hunger or for colde,  
He taketh no thought, but leadeth a mery lyfe.

¶ Pain.

The more we dispute, the faller doo I fynde  
Thy wordes penyth peny, for man without measure  
Hath payne for thy sake, through his desirous mynde:  
Bothe nyght and daye with all his busie cure,  
Ouer hylles and dales (alas poore creature)  
He rydeth, he runneth, and ouer sea he sayleth:  
He dyggeth, he delueth, and dolour doth endure  
For peny, yet his peyne sumtyme hym nought auayleth.

If man woulde marke wel how peny him preuayleth,  
A meruaylous thyng it wer for to consider

To serue hys maker both nyght and day he sayleth,  
 But mynde of money hym draweth he careth not why er,  
 He renneth for money now hyther and now thyder,  
 More dangerous in dede thou arte and popsonable  
 Than is the venim of serpent, toade, or spyder,  
 Through mynde of money is man made miserable.

Money.

**I**F man woulde be content with suffaunce  
 Of worldly substaunce, hauiour, and ryches,  
 He shoulde for certayne lyue without greuaunce,  
 Without suche trauaile, payne, and busines,  
 Happy shoulde he bee me peny to posses,  
 To lyue for euer in ioy, disporte and pleasure:  
 And yf hym lyfe, so gouerne hym doutles,  
 To be without all rancour and displeasure.

But sith he can not be content with measure,  
 Muche trauaile and payne behoueth it hym to take  
 Pennies to purchase with ryche substaunce and treasure:  
 Quietnes and rest for me he doth forsake,  
 With trauaile and payne he is content to wake  
 Because he knoweth my payssaunce excellence  
 He to assemble with meanes that he can make,  
 He doeth hym endeuour with all his diligence.

Man.

**H**E that on money so fixeth his entent  
 More wicked he is than euer was Judas,  
 Leadyng his lyfe in sorow and tourment,  
 And euer abydyng a miserable caas,  
 Of vices an heape, he hath both more and lasse,  
 As couetise and pryde, with claspynge nygardy,  
 Trechery also hym shall not ouerpass,  
 Enuy nor wrath, nor wretched blury.

In hym is neyther lawe, prudence, nor pollicy,  
 To do a good dede he neuer can haue leasure:  
 All grace and goodnes haue leaue to passe by,  
 His mynde is set hollie of riches to haue leasure,  
 In detestable vices is set his only pleasure,  
 And goodes for to assemble in great aboundaunce:

whereof

## The Baite and Snare of fortune.

Wherof he hath no mynde agayne to make disceasure,  
But poore men to punyſh vnto the oultraunce.

## Money.

**T**o heare thee ſpeake, it ſemeth playne in dede  
That man without me with ſin is neuer blent:  
That is not ſo, nowe take vnto me heede.  
Whan Sathan with ſubtiltie doeth mannes mynde preuent,  
And man of his lychtneſſe inclineth his entent  
Aduertence to geue vnto his faulſe temptation,  
And after doeth the dede with foule and vyle conſent,  
Shall I beare the blame for his abhominacion?

Nowe marke well my ſaying, after the worldes creation  
Fyrſte was made Adam, as father of mankynde:  
who fell not long after to pœuaritacion.  
His makers commaundment as creature vnkynde,  
Ryght ſinfully he tranſgreſſed, ſo pryde made hym blynde:  
Cayn after murdered Abel the mean tyme was not long.  
That tyme was I vncoynded, therfore man chaunge thy mynde  
To blame me of all euylles, in dede thou doest great wrong.

## Man.

**T**his is a fayer excuſe if it myght be ſo taken,  
Yet infinite euylles thou cauſeſt and offence:  
Goddes high commaundment for thee is oft forſaken,  
His lawes be broken by diſobedience.  
Men drawe to them money with all theyr diligence,  
By barat, by ſubtiltie, by rapine and deceyt:  
The poore thou deſouleſt by force and violence,  
That beg muſt be nedys, thou holdeſt hym ſo ſtrayte.

Enuy thou rayſeſt among them that be great,  
That many Royallnes therby decay and be deſtroyed,  
Slayne are the Captaynes, and wrath lieth in awayt.  
Tyl cities and townes are perilled and annoyed:  
On miſery and miſchief thus money is employed,  
For money man applieth him to all abhominacion.  
Grace and good maners for thee he doeth aboyde:  
No reaſon can be layed to this, nor replication.

Money.

**I**f I lacked reason agaynst thee to reply,  
 My matter wer lyke full poyely to bee stayed:  
 Yf all these euilles and wretched misery  
 Myght be founde in me that thou hast to me layed,  
 In thee wer than the ryght, it might not be denyed.  
 But man of his nature he is so miserable,  
 With all the worldes wealth he can not be apayed,  
 His mynde evermore is so insatiabable.

The detuylls temptacion to hym is acceptable,  
 That Cresus the kyng was not so couetous:  
 In all his dedes than is he variable,  
 A brawler, a baratour, and oft sedicious,  
 And yet wurst of all he is so lecherous:  
 That he my coyne consumeth in fowle fornicacion.  
 Beware yet I aduise hym, for pockes be peryllous,  
 Least they? vnclenly corosyues hym eall to consummacion.

Man.

**M**y I of my lyghtnes would to thee condescende,  
 Thou wouldest blase thyself as creature good and true.  
 Nay glutton, the wynde standeth in an other ende:  
 Thou makest women wanton, and to auoyd vertue,  
 For thee they sell they? bodes, and so they do ensue  
 With vicious lyuyng they? sensuall appetite:  
 Yet lechery at last they? bale sumtyme doeth bue,  
 That oft they lyue in dolour after they? foule delyte.

Spousebreche with sum is counted not a myte,  
 So money may be gotten they care not howe nor what:  
 Fyne kenerchefes as sylke, and sinockes as snow so whyte,  
 Hattes, kyrtles, gounes and gyrdles, this gear must nedes be gat,  
 With brouches, beades, and rynges, and who shall paye for that:  
 The husbandes be so poore, they lacke both golde and gages:  
 To fynde therfore sum frendship where florens be more far,  
 Oft fall they to aduoutry, and breake they? mariages.

Money.

**H**ad I make answer apertly yet agayne  
 That thy wordes be neyther true nor stable:  
 I am in no wille cause, I tell it thee for certayne

Though

The Bayte and Snare of Fortune.

Though woman by her wit and mynde that is mutable  
Doe otherwise than right, as frayle and variable,  
Two thynges in women make hourelly theyr inuasion,  
Enducyng them euer to warkes bituperable:  
For of all vertue these two be chyet abration.

The fyrste may be called the false perswasion  
Of Sathanas that neuer ceaseth them to assaile:  
The other is ambition, these two be chyet occasion  
That man nor woman in vertue can preuaile:  
And womens heartes of nature be so frayle,  
Lyght as the leafe, and mouyng as the wynde,  
Redy to consent to thynges of none auayle,  
That they of afterclaps haue no thought nor mynde.

Man.

All cursed art thou money and muche vnforsunate,  
And founden wast thou fyrst in euill tyme and tyde:  
The kardes, the dice, and other playes inordinate,  
By thee been by brought, wherby God is renyed,  
And nexoly with blasphemies and othes crucified:  
By thee are committed vices out of numbre,  
His poore soule to perissh to man thou art a gyde,  
And death with euill ende at last him doth obumbre.

Thou teachest hym the maner his soule to encombre,  
wherby he renteth God, and wilfully offendeth:  
For thee by nyght and daye withouten slepe or slombre,  
All vices he auunceth, no vertue he entendeth.  
The poore for all his pouertye by thee his porcion spendeth,  
The worlde goeth to wretchednes by thee, and to destruccion.  
By thee to fowle enormitie all goeth, and there it endeth,  
For to all wretched wickednes thou art induction.

Money.

Thou speakest I perceyue without consideracion,  
So cruelly to blame me of all enormitie:  
Hyne armes in dede thou blauest in an homely fashon.  
Marke well my wurdes a whyle now I pray thee:  
where seest thou any man that is of grauitie  
Blaspheming his God, or swearing by his name?  
Neuer in thy lyfe, this lesson take of me,  
But riotours and rybaldes that haue no dread of Shame.

The wise man that loueth his honour and good fame  
 Blaspheming his maker thou shalt hym neuer here,  
 In play, disporte, and pastyme, in gladnes and in grame,  
 He hath respect to sadnes, his reason is so nere.  
 But baratours and Braynles bybours met in fere,  
 They make they dismember, and on his name they wonder,  
 At table, at tauerne, at churche, and euery where:  
 Great horroꝝ is to hear, howe they rent hym asunder.

Man.

**T**hou myghtest be a minion to kepe good company,  
 For tounge thou hast ynough thy matter to susteyne:  
 If I vnto thy purpose consent would or applie,  
 Thou wouldest say here that Iesus our kyng and Souerayne  
 Is not by thee offended, yes yes, I tell the plaine,  
 By night of times a million, and muche more by the daie.  
 Who woulde to thee geue credence a foole he wer certaine,  
 For thou art full of fraction, thy wordes be false alwaie.

But answer now my question penie I thee prae,  
 That thinkest thee so mighty, so sterne, so gay and stoute:  
 Yelde me a solution to this that I shall saie,  
 Concerning a matter wherof I stande in doute:  
 Thou sayest that by thy maistrie thou bringest muche aboute,  
 And of thy wurtthie valour great boest doest thou blowe:  
 What is thy puissant power, I prae thee speake it out:  
 For this is all the matter that I woulde of thee know.

Money.

**W**ell doe I vnderstande thy purpose and intencion,  
 And also perceyue the effect of thy demaunde:  
 It is not so harde, nor of so high inuencion,  
 But yf thou wer in Lems in midwarde of the lande,  
 I shoulde full well assoyle it ere thou mightest cum to lande.  
 My valour and power thy question is to knowe,  
 It is no littel matter thou shalt it vnderstande,  
 I am of noble fame, beloued with high and lowe.

Upon the churche of God great substance I bestowe,  
 The ministers that serue hym be all at my wages:  
 The poore haue my succour in hunger, frost, and snowe,  
 I feede both horse and man in holy pilgrimages.

For

The Bayte and Snare of Fortune.

For fayer young lusty maydens I purchase mariages:  
Whan Churches and chapels be falling in decay,  
I must make reparation: with masters and with pages  
My helpe must nedes be had, or elles there is no pay.

Man.

With wordes thou wouldest susteyne that no good dede  
Is doen without thee, thyne ayde, or assistens:  
Whyche all I denye, and shall it proue for nede  
That euer been thy wordes unworthy of credens:  
Untrue arte thou euer, and by thy faulse pretens,  
Doest teache men the trace to all iniquitie,  
Prouokying hym euer to inconueniens,  
And ploungying his heart in great perplexitie.

Affirme wouldest thou sayn by thy peruersitie  
That man can not be saued from endles payne  
without thy fauour, thyne ayde and amitie,  
Wherin I saye no reason doeth remaine:  
Full many a soule (more pittie it is certayne)  
Is damned by thee to euerlastyng fyre,  
And many one mo in tope shoulde euer raygne  
If they woulde leaue thy loue in hote desyre.

Money.

Regarde man and consyder as reason wyll discerne,  
Howe I as of my selfe can nothyng do ne say:  
In thee lyeth all the deede, that hast me to gouerne:  
Wherfore yf thou of thy lightnes thee lyst by nyght or day  
To leade me that am blinde no streite but croked waye,  
The faulte if we fall is thyne, not myne in dede:  
To order me arpyght it is no chyldes play,  
Looke therfore ere thou leape, the better shalt thou spede.

I am the post and pyller vnto all Adams seede,  
The father of the fayth sumtyme is made by me,  
The Pope I meane, Gods vicar, and captayne of his crede,  
Great Emperours and Kynges I crowne in magestie,  
Duke, Marquise, earle, baron, and Lordes of eche degree:  
Ryche Cardinals, Archbishops, the bishop and his Deane,  
Abbot, Priour, prouost, the baylyfe with his fee:  
All that haue promotion maye thanke me and my meane.

Ban.

**M**oney full of vanitie, thou makest me all dismayed,  
 Considering and knowyng thy fraude and faculties,  
 Wherewith full nere the worlde is destroyed and decayed :  
 Men be I graunt full of vice and vanities,  
 In towne, in borowghes, in castles and citieles :  
 But this notwithstanding at last Atropos herueth  
 A sunder theyr heartes, as he that without pitie is :  
 So goeth the corps to earth, the soule as it deserueth.

By arrogance outrageous thy tounge on baunting swerueth,  
 Saying that by money be purchased high estates:  
 Sothe Emperour and Kyng at last by death he sterueth,  
 What auayleth it then theyr floreyne and ducates :  
 Eche prince and prelate the darte of death chekmates,  
 Record may be taken of Cesar and Pompeus,  
 Of Alexander, of Arthure, and Hector past theyr dates,  
 Of Charlemayn, gentle Iosue, and Judas Machabeus.

Money.

**T**hy wysedome to redresse, and spirites to renue,  
 And of thy troubled reason to make a reformation,  
 Of Adam thy fyrst father sumtwhat I shall discryue.  
 Immortall was he made by God at his creation,  
 But after that by Sathanas subtyl instigation,  
 He fed hym with the frute, therewith he dyd transgression,  
 And so becam he mortal, for death tooke domination  
 And mortall still continueth of man the hole succession.

Sith death on father Adam thus tooke his fyrst possession,  
 He proudly executeth his privilege eche houre  
 On prelate, prince and poore man he vseth his oppression :  
 Indifferently he dealeth as well with ryche as poure,  
 As soone the young as olde he dayly doeth denour.  
 To caytyfes he is comfort, for all diseale he cureth :  
 Aboue all kynges and Capitaynes he is a conquerour,  
 His pryde shall neuer perishe whyle the worlde endureth.

Ban.

**M**oney all thy wordes I do well vnderstand,  
 But nothyng to my pourpose doe I in them elpy :  
 Thy sayinges to deny styll will I take in hand,

And



The Bayle and Snare of fortune.

And what on thy backe of charge yet lay shall I:  
I knowe to thyne opinion eche person will applye,  
For all men are glad to haue thyne alliauns,  
The poore is deceyued, the ryche hath gaynes therby,  
Men fauoure thy faulſe fygure and haue therein affiaunce.

The ryche man oppreſſeth the poore by his puiſſaunce:  
And whan the poore ſyndereth hym ſelf at indigence,  
Aſongfully intreated and dzyuen to penaunce,  
His reaſon than he leaſeth, his wit and intelligence,  
Turmentyng hymſelf by great impacience:  
His maker he blaſphemeth, all halowes he deſpyteth.  
And who cauſeth all this inconuenience,  
But money, that euer to miſchyeſ men encrepteth.

Money.

The ryche peraduenture oppreſſeth nowe and than:  
The poore man in dede: but who is cauſe of this?  
Couetiſe and auarice the daughters of Sathan,  
Euermore entyſing a man to worke amis:  
The Churche they deſpoyle, the poore the poſte may kis,  
For nothyng they leaue hym, to playne hym nought awayleth,  
Shall I than bear the blame: no lay it where it is:  
Laye the blame on rapine that ſo vniuſſly dealeth.

I knowe it of trouth, whan drede mannes mynde aſſayleth,  
Whan he draweth in age to fall in pouerty,  
Conſyderyng howe peny in purſe hym muche preuaileth,  
As neybour that is neceſſary in eche neceſſity,  
His fauour and affection enclyneth muche to me,  
And good reaſon why: for who that may not haue  
To helpe hym in his age, in carefull caſe is he,  
An hundred tymes a day he wyſheth for his graue.

Man.

I rough haſt thou pronounced, nowe ſhal I thee confounde:  
By thee as I haue ſayd, was loſt the worlde of golde.  
But nowe marke well the wordes that I ſhal tel thee rounde:  
By thee the gentyll Jeſus vnto the Jewes was ſolde,  
whyche after his great paynes and paſſions manyfolde  
Was ſtretched on a tree, and naked therto nayled,  
Betrayed he was by Judas, for thyrty penies tolde:  
Thy curſed Coyne with Couetiſe ſo ſtrongly hym aſſayleth.

Great cause hath now the Scariot to wepe and to bewayle,  
That euër thou wast founden oꝛ fro the erth out tryed:  
For to haue been vnborne it had hym moze auayled,  
Than to haue wrought the treason wherby his master dyed.  
But where is now the traytour, the thefe, the homicide:  
With Sathan and his feres in the infernall glède,  
In perdurable paynes behoueth hym to abyde,  
For lone of thee faulſe money lœ thus he hath his mede.

Money.

**I** Sethy hart is great, with wurdës thou wouldest defame  
Reprothyng me that Iesus should be by me betrayed:  
With helpe of cursed Iſcariot vniuſſly doest thou blame me,  
Thou doest mistake the matter, vntruly hast thou layed,  
To laye on me the blame, but holde thee man apayed,  
The trothe of the matter I shall to thee expres.  
Thre causes of his death in dede there may be layed,  
That he was soulede by treason as fyrst I wyll confes.

The Jewes wer muche disdaynous and ful of wickednes,  
All subtilties they searched, they set theyr faulſe intene  
To death to haue hym indged they brought theyr falſe witnes:  
Unto theyr prouost pylate theyr pryncē they dyd present,  
Who to his condemnation dyd finally consent,  
For drede to be depryued and put from his office:  
Though founde wer none occasion, on Chriſte he gaue sentence,  
Great crymes are thus committed by meane of auarice.

Man.

**S**o perfiteſly diſpute agaynſt thee can not I,  
But thou doest aſſoyle the ſame incontinent:  
To all my wurdës full well thou doest reply,  
With approbation ryght conuenient.  
And ſo I do perceyue as by myne owne indgement,  
If man with his money woulde be ſo reaſonable  
To uſe it in vertue, and with a good entene,  
The uſage therof ſhall neuer be damnable.

But whan man of hym ſelfe is ſo inſatiabſe  
To couet worldly goodës without reaſon oꝛ meaſure,  
Full wretched is he doubteles, and moze than miſerable  
Of his abhominacion it is a great diſpleaſure,

A man

The Bayte and Snare of Fortune.

A man to haue money, welth, and worldely treasure  
In vertue to auance hym, and vices to auoyde :  
Of his welth and welfare all other may haue pleasure,  
So he hym crosse from couetise for doubte to be acloyde.

Money.

Thre thynges there be to man as venim paysonable  
Whan they be all assembled the man for to assaile :  
The fyrst is age the croked with stouping limmes vnsiable,  
On man he dayly crepeth, no watchyng may auayle :  
And sicknes is the seconde that doeth the strength to fayle,  
The colour he consumeth, all pleasure he subdueth :  
The thyrde is paynfull pouertie, these thre be threude catayle.  
Whan these be met in man they metyng sore he rueth.

I save for my conclusion, all solace hym ensueth  
That hath of pence plentie to take whan tyme requirereth,  
He may lyue out of daunger, for euer his ioye renuereth :  
But poore men that be penyles melancholy them fyreth,  
The poore opprest with pouertie full oft his death despyreth,  
So bulleth hym his dolour, of God taketh he no hede,  
That after all his misery he wretchedly crypeth  
To steale, to beg or borowe, man is compelled for nede.

Pan.

Worldly goodes by suffisaunce to man is necessary,  
To take them at his nede and serue hym in goodnes :  
But yet he must regarde, for drede his welth miscary,  
That all his goodes be got by way of ryghteousnes.  
Let God alwayes be serued before all bulynes,  
In gatheryng of his goodes man may not vse deceate,  
Goodes kept agaynst al ryght, fy fy on suche ryches.  
The poore must be relyued with clothyng, drinke and meate.

Whyde maye not be exalted because the goodes be greate,  
In sumptuousnes of clothyng let measure be a mean :  
Let reason shape the fashon, not ouer large ne strayte :  
All prodigall expences is wisdom to restryne.  
For he that is excessiue a carytye shall remaine.  
Whan Ryght hath gadered ryches, let Reason than expend it  
In vertue, to the honour of God our Souerayne :  
So order we our money that God be not offended,

Finis

# The Authoꝛ.

**R**egarde well all my Lordes that shal this treatise reade.  
Of man and his money, this is the disputation:  
Great reason make they bothe, who to the same taketh hede,  
Euer hym boasteth money as high in reputacion,  
Recoꝝdyng by his valour: but man makes denegacion.  
Unto all men my reason I saye as I haue thought,  
Solas is moſte in season whan syluer is vnſought.  
By peny to preferment many a man is brought,  
In borough, towne, and citie, all men of eche estate  
Enforce them selfe to please him, the poore is set at nought,  
Succour he seketh, but syluer and he be at debate.  
Therefore to make conclusion I saye now at my gate:  
Of great good dedes by Money full many be done doubtles,  
Nevertheless yet is it cause of many a wickednes.

Explicit nomen authoris,

## Good Counsayle.



Et thy goods truly, Spende them precisely:  
Set thy goods duly, Lende thou them wisely.  
True gettyng, Cyle spendyng,  
Due settyng, wyle lendyng,  
Haue he lyttle or muche, Keepeth a man full ritchē  
Untyll his endyng.

Finis.